

# THE SATURDAY

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

R. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESTNUT STREETS.



# EVENING POST

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VOLUME XXI.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Concord, Mass.

One leaf is fallen, and the year is gone.

That blue & liquid houses.

Now fondly pictured, the in vain

And still the year is gone.

There is no more to say, no more to do.

There is no more to say, no more to do.

It is beauty from the heart.

And give what giveth thoughts alone :

Concord, Mass.

One leaf is fallen, and the year is gone.

The soft & melancholy check.

Now where, ah! do they blossom now—

The bloom & shade, speak.

The leaves & flowers, & the tanger,

That black would still do.

While from its modest eyes spring

New leaves to the eye.

Concord—here we are a radiant star.

One leaf is fallen, and the year is gone.

There is no more to say, no more to do.

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## SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY  
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1864.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers who have written to us to express their satisfaction with the Post, and to those who have written to us to express their regret that we have discontinued the publication of the Post.

We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in time.

A word to those still in service. We shall be much obliged to you for your kind words, and to the veterans who have written to us, for your kind words.

Let the veterans all be seated up, and we will tell a few stories of our own.

We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—*But Wait a Few Days!*— shall appear at an early date.

—*The Old Home Tax!*— is on the fire for an early insertion.

—*Or Take or Tax!*— we give a single stanza or a quatrain.

—*And whether still my days would glide*—

—*I often use it from old books*—

—*To think of me.*—

—*For the life of me*—



